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A BONY STRUCTURE

Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words.

Roland Barthes, A Lover's Discourse

This is how it starts.

We meet,

you there, me here.

By the arrangement. And by accident too.

You came here, but you didn't know for what.
I came here, and didn't know for what.

You saw me before I saw you, and you saw me completely, from all sides, or almost from all sides, but definitely from more angles and positions and ways of seeing than I have seen you,

as you have

many eyes

that are set in many holes of your many heads

that are standing on differently positioned necks,

held by your numerous chests and torsos.

Whose gaze launched this whole thing then?

My idea of the beginning might be just a bit late.

You're in advantage.
You have the distance, to the moment, when it all started.

And I'm kinda caught up.

I'm a bit shy, but amused.
My palms are sweaty and I feel somehow cold.

How long can I hold your attention?

You can walk away whenever you want, something that I cannot do.

I have to remain.

I could leave, but there are no possibilities, there are no recourses, it would be foolish of me to even try.

I might get to the door, and then outside of this room, and who knows, even outside of this building, I might find myself on the street, and take few steps, I could definitely do this, I might go around the whole block, and sit in a bakery, I could order a coffee and take some newspapers,

I would say, excuse me, can I also have a glass of water?

And I might go so far in this, to open the papers, and drink my coffee, drink my water, I might even order a donut with some juicy plum filling and I might even start reading one article in the newspapers, and focus enough to understand the story, the plot, the characters, the idea, the problem, the conflict, of the article, I mean, of the world, I would focus really really hard and put all my cognitive forces into work,

sure,

This is possible, and I'm aware of numerous paths that are opening up (Who would I meet on the way to the bakery? What is the color of the sky at the moment? How cold would I be without a jacket? Would I get sick? How fast until my tonsillitis comes back? One day? Two days?) and I'm sure that I could govern myself in such a way that would make all mentioned steps possible, and no-one present in the bakery would notice a THING, not a wrong thing about me, they would only see a normal person, who knows how to take a break and treat themselves, actually they would not notice me, this is how good I'd blend in,

I can see myself doing all that,

I feel the soft sugar-powdered surface of the donut under my teeth, I feel it's spongy structure filling my mouth, I can taste the sweetness of the juicy plum filling, as it bursts over my tongue,
I see the powder falling from the surface of the bitten donut,

little white spots on my suit and on my lips, and I know that after this sensation the only logical step is take a sip of hot tasteless coffee and direct my gaze toward words, images and numbers in that paper I'm spreading in front of me, ready, as I said, to understand the world,

and I'm completely aware that this would have only one possible aim, and that is to distract myself from this situation, from this thing, that I'm enrolled in,

which is you, standing in front of me,

I would force myself to erase this image from my mind, I would press my eyelids,

press my eyelids very

very very

very hard,

and this image would still be there, your eyes, in the dark, the shape of your many heads, as you gaze into me, the excitement in my bones, whose structure and form you already know so good,

and in that moment I would know that you know,

that I'm a joke,

and that this whole circus with the coffee and the donut is a desperate try to get away, only a poor simulation of choice, before I would come back,

here,

to you.

Because I'm already amazed by your astute presence, by the way you govern yourself, by the calmness and the patience that you radiate.

You're so contingent. And stable. And unmoved. And untouched by my situation here.

And I wish to become like you, which makes me come across as a bit silly,
a bit seduced

and maybe even

delusional.

So I'm asking you to do me one small favor.

And that is to close your eyes

now.

We will count to three and open our eyes again.
Three is a good number to count to.

One

Two

Three.

Maybe now we're equal and can say

That we start from the same

Page.

OBSERVATIONS:

Observation No.1
An eye, with periorbital dark circles, caused by fatigue and light anemia, somewhat almond shaped, iris is dark brown, almost black, under direct sunlight it would appear to be rather hazel.
Detail: A long, curved, black, hair, that grows on the edge of the eyelid.
There seems to be 150-200 individual hairs, each moving approximately in the speed of 300 to 400 milliseconds. The subject doesn't notice this speed.
Is it afraid of missing out?
This happens around 28,800 times in a day.

28 800 blackouts. 28 800 glitches, that the subject can't recognize.

I'm sorry for starring. I know it's not polite.

Observation No.2

A pair of thick, light pink flesh. It's patchy and dried. Possible cause: licking and biting. Another possible cause: dry air. The bottom lip is a bit thinker.
It's hiding a firm teeth structure, 29 of single teeth, made of calcium, phosphorus, and other minerals; or 96 % inorganic material and 4% organic material and water. One of them in the upper jaw, is slightly sticking out of the mouth. This gives the subject a certain charm, which it doesn't necessarily appreciate and doesn't like when it's pointed out. Therefore, the pink flesh of the lips stays tight during the act of smiling, in order to hide unwanted position of the teeth.

Observation No.3

A long, thin left leg, which has perfect knee bones. The femoral muscle seems to be out of shape. A long, thin leg hanging across the right one, which holds a secret in the tibia; an injury, old approximately 12 years; possible cause: skateboarding accident. Another possible cause: drunken fall from the staircase. Third possible cause: drunken skateboarding accident.
There are 7 tiny marks in the bone, almost unnoticeable, even under roentgen.
Most likely, marks were made by titanium screws that were inserted into the bone during an operational procedure, and then taken out, after the healing process was finished. Right leg's calf muscle is still a bit thinner than it's left companion.

But there are quite some reverberations of the injury, more far-reaching than the simple weakness of the muscle.
The traumatized tissue and nerves can sense the drop in barometric pressure that comes with a storm. So the subjects knows when it's going to rain. The very looking at the scar, which works as a time marker, triggers the thoughts about the day of the accident. Going up the stairs can set off another emotional response, as the sudden pain makes the subject think of the proximity of death, which produces an overwhelming feeling of melancholia.
All this, from a leg, a body part that's meant to take you places.

Observation No.4
There is also an ear, rather small, in comparison to some other ears, a free comparison, that shouldn't be taken too seriously, but a comparison which is also not irrelevant.
So, we can say, a small ear, with one silver ring, pierced through the flesh. Right above the ear, there is an egg shaped mole, hidden in the hair. You can't see if you don't know exactly where to look at. There are few similar moles, spread around the different body parts, in the near proximity of the already mentioned egg shaped mole.
One on the lower belly, just between the belly button and the hip bone.
Another one, dark and perfectly round, underneath the right nipple.
Numerous small ones, spread all around subject's arms and back, and unexpectedly, a very pale small mole on one of the toes. These moles seem to have no proper function, but few of them might develop into skin cancer, which subject has no awareness off.

Observation No.5

A neck. A part that seems to be crucial for the connection of the torso and the brain.
A neck can be held with two hands. On each side one can feel the pulse in the carotid arteries, right below the angle of the jaw line. These arteries have three layers: intimate, the smooth, innermost layer, media, the muscular middle layer and adventitia, the outer layer. They generously supply subject's brain with fresh blood. Until blocked, of course, by some decease or an outside pressure in the form of, for example, two fat hairy hands, led by some rage and informed about the structure of the neck well enough to use this knowledge against the subject.

Observation No.6

280 nails, from this: 10 coral red one, 10 fire red ones, 10 burgundy red ones, 10 are blue, 20 are pink, one, two, three, four, five, six pairs of colored lips, one two three thousand ninety bones, 165 major organ systems, 9630 muscles…